

THE HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, Owner and Editor.

"Of a Noisy World, With News From All Nations Lumbering at His Back,"

\$1.00 A YEAR, Always in Advance.

ELEVENTH YEAR.

HAZEL GREEN, WOLFE COUNTY, KENTUCKY, THURSDAY, JULY 4, 1895.

NUMBER 15.

THE STATE CONVENTION

COMPLETED ITS WORK AT 7 P. M. THURSDAY.

By Nominating a Strong and Winning Ticket.

Now Let Us Join Hands and Work For Victory.

THE TICKET.

For Governor,
P. WAT HARDIN, of Mercer.
For Lieutenant Governor,
R. T. TYLER, of Fulton.
For Treasurer,
R. C. FORD, of Clay.
For Auditor,
L. C. NORMAN, of Boone.
For Register of the Land Office,
G. B. SWANGO, of Wolfe.
For Attorney General,
W. J. HENDRICK, of Fleming.
For Secretary of State,
HENRY S. HALE, of Graves.
For Supt. of Public Instruction,
ED PORTER THOMPSON, of Owen.
For Commissioner of Agriculture,
ION B. NALL, of Louisville.

Having chosen a platform and a ticket that will claim the admiration of and enlist the hearty support of all good Democrats, the state convention adjourned sine die Thursday evening at 7 o'clock, after a continuous session since 9:30 in the forenoon. Due recognition was accorded each section of the state in making up the ticket, the distribution being more nearly equal than was ever before known. With Hardin and Thompson in Bluegrass as a center, Ford and Swango in the mountains, Tyler and Hale in the Purchase and the "Pennyville," Norman and Hendrick in the north along the Ohio, and Nall in the big Louisville district, the leaders say there is no reason why the Democracy of Kentucky "with a long pull and a strong pull and a pull altogether" should not make all ends meet and each section show its appreciation of recognition by striving to roll up the largest majority.

The convention was disorderly, it is true, but it was a disorder born of enthusiasm, and Thursday evening when the delegates hurried from the hall most of them, supperless, took the early evening trains for their homes, where they will soon lay their plans to fight for the nominees.

If the contest over the money part of the platform has left any bad scars that fact was not apparent from the hearing of the delegates. With few exceptions, the gentlemen who made the fight for free silver have accepted the decision in good faith and with quite as much good nature as could be expected of them so soon after a contest in which they were so earnestly enlisted. Regarding the contest as one to be settled within the party, few of them displayed any disposition to sulk over the result. On the other hand, the victorious sound money men, while naturally jubilant, showed little disposition to add to the discomforts of defeat by nagging their late antagonists. Interviews with many of the delegates published in the Courier-Journal, show the existence of a spirit that effectually disposes of the Republican hope that they would be able to win through a

split in the Kentucky Democracy over the money question.

Every man on the ticket has a large personal following and is known as a fine party worker.

THE PLATFORM.

FIRST—The Democracy of Kentucky in convention assembled congratulate the country upon the repeal of the McKinley tariff law, and upon the evidences we have on every hand of returning prosperity, under the operations of reduced and equalized taxation; and we denounce as fraught with danger and disaster the threat of our Republican adversaries to re-establish a protective tariff and to inaugurate a policy of unequal taxation, which in connection with general misgovernment by the Republican party culminated in the business panic of 1893.

SECOND—The Democratic party, which has always stood for the separation of church and state, for the sake alike of civil and religious freedom, does not hesitate to condemn all efforts to create a distinction among citizens because of differences in faith as repugnant to an enlightened age and abhorrent to the instincts of American freemen.

THIRD—We reaffirm without qualification the principles and policies declared by the National Democratic Platform of 1892, and declare that our present National Democratic Administration is entitled to the thanks of the party for its honest, courageous and statesmanlike management of public affairs; and we express our undiminished confidence in the Democracy and patriotism of President Grover Cleveland and his distinguished co-adviser and Secretary, John G. Carlisle, of Kentucky.

FOURTH—When the Democratic party came into power in 1867 the bonded indebtedness of Kentucky was over \$4,600,000. The nominal value of the assets of the sinking fund was about \$8,000,000, made up in part of internal improvements that cost over and were carried at a valuation of \$4,800,000, but which yielded at that time no net revenue, and were worth in cash only about \$500,000, thus showing an actual deficit in the sinking fund as compared with our indebtedness of about \$900,000. Since 1867 the bonded indebtedness has been reduced to \$650,000, and the available assets of the sinking fund more than equal that sum.

We have increased the annual appropriation for support of our charitable institutions from \$250,000 in 1867 to \$500,000 in 1895, and while improving our judicial system by increasing the number of courts and the frequency of their terms we have been compelled to increase our expenditures, one of the greatest items of which is the cost of criminal prosecutions, and a noticable fact in connection with which is that the increase is greatest in districts controlled by Republican officials. We have nevertheless been able to decrease the current ratio of taxation for general revenue purposes from twenty cents on the one hundred dollars of taxable property in 1867 to fifteen cents in 1895. The Democratic majority have voluntarily increased the annual expenditures for the support of common schools from \$256,000 in 1867 to about \$2,000,000 in 1895, and by wisely providing separate schools for the two races are today giving to the children of the colored race opportunities for education they nowhere else enjoy.

In the face of unexampled difficulties the Democratic party has succeeded in wholly withdrawing convict labor from competition with free labor and in abolishing the practice inherited from the Republican party of leasing the convicts to parties interested solely in making profit out of their labor, and in adopting the modern and improved methods by which the state and its officers are made directly responsible for the management of our state prisons and under which our penitentiary system has been and is being greatly improved.

During the twenty-eight years the people have intrusted the Democratic party with the control of the state government its administration has been characterized by the strictest economy and integrity, and in this regard we invite comparison with any Republican state government.

FIFTH—We express our confidence in the wisdom and honesty with which the present state administration has conducted the affairs of our state government.

"BAD TOM" SMITH

PAYS THE EXTREME DEATH PENALTY AT JACKSON, KY.

The Man Who Killed Six Fellow Beings And Was Accused of Slaying An Many More.

JACKSON, KY., June 28.—"Bad Tom" Smith by his own confession guilty of six murders and accused of as many others, is no more. He mounted the scaffold at 1 o'clock sharp, talked, prayed and sang 48 minutes, the trap was sprung, and 17 minutes later he was pronounced dead. The verdict of 12 men had been fulfilled, and Breathitt county's first legal hanging was over.

SMITH'S CONFESSION.

When Smith reached the scaffold he walked over to the south side and stood for a few moments gazing at the crowd below. His sister, Millie, came up and threw her arms around the doomed man, crying aloud: "Oh, my dear brother, you have but a few minutes to live; spend all your time praying to God to save you. You ain't a bad man now and she kissed him with sisterly affection a dozen times or more. Smith responded in scarcely an audible voice, "God will save me sister; be a good woman and pray for your poor brother. Now good by sister; and may God bless you."

He then turned toward the gallows and gazed at it a moment, and at the rope as it swayed to and fro in the gentle breeze. His reverie was broken by the Enquirer correspondent, when he asked:

"Tom, do you desire to make a confession?"

"Yes, I want to tell it all if they will give me time," was the doomed man's reply.

"You can have all the time you want, Tom," said Sheriff Combs.

Then putting his hand to his forehead, he said as he wiped the sweat from his brow, "I am guilty of the crime, I killed Dr. Rader."

He paused for a moment and cleared his voice. He seemed to grow stronger, and his words were more distinct as he continued: "It was nobody as paid me to do it, and I'll tell you how it was. I met Dr. Rader in town that day, and he says to me: 'I want to court a girl, and I want you to help me do it.'"

"I told him all right, and we went out to Mrs. McQuinn's house, and I went and got the girl Louise Southwood. Then we all got drunk. Rader wanted the girl to go to bed with him, but she didn't want to and ran away from him. He went out and brought her back. I just recollect hearing him persuading her. I was so drunk, Mrs. McQuinn and Bob Fields pulled off my shoes and put me to bed, and I went to sleep. After a while Mrs. McQuinn came to bed and told me that Rader had been over to my bed twice and said he was going to kill me. I knew he had a pistol, for he told me about it being such a good one. Then Mrs. McQuinn told me that if I would kill him she would say she done it and I would come clear, and they wouldn't do anything to her. I was so drunk, and I just got up and shot him. I shot twice, but I never could tell where the other bullet went. Me and Katherine then looked at Rader lying dead on the bed and covered him up again and took his money. That's all there was to it so far as I know. I wasn't paid for it, that's certain. It was whisky and bad women that brought me here, and I want to tell you boys to let them alone. Oh, God save my poor soul. I wish I had never been born."

He paused here, and Detective George W. Drake, the terror of mountain desperadoes, who stood facing the condemned man, called to Jailor Centers to bring a cup of water, which Smith gulped down.

Drake then asked him if he had anything to say about the other men he had killed. He said: "Yes, I want to name them all. I can't tell the dates and how I killed them. It will take too long."

"All right, Tom," replied the detective. "Go ahead in your own way. Who was the first man?"

Smith here straightened up, wiped his mouth and said:

"The first man I ever killed was Joe Hurt. I killed him at my own home. Then me and Joe Adkins killed Joe Eversole and Nick Combs. We both shot, and I reckon I fired the fatal shot into both of them. I got about \$30 in money off Eversole. He was hid out in the bushes. Then came Joe McKnight. Me and Bob Prophet was both in that, but I did most of the shooting, and I reckon God put him down against me. I killed Robert Cornett, while he was getting out logs. Jack Combs was with me. I was in some more shooting scrapes, and men were killed, but I don't know who killed them. I have told you about Rader, and that is all."

"What do you know about the killing of Judge Combs, Tom?" asked Detective Drake.

"I wasn't in that. I was shot in the arm and couldn't go. Fult French, Joe Adkins, Jess Fields and Boone Frazier was in that. Fult French plotted it, and I heard Joe Adkins say that he killed him. Judge Combs prosecuted Jess Fields, and then they wanted to get even with him. The plotting was done at Jess Field's house and Fult French told them how to do it."

"Did French pay you for murdering these people when you were with him and his gang?" asked the Enquirer correspondent.

"He was good to us, and we got clothes and anything we wanted. Joe Adkins used to get the money. I didn't get very much money, but I got everything I wanted. I wanted more whisky than anything, and I always had plenty of that."

Here his sister came up to him and said:

"Now, Tom, you've told your story, and you must pray to God."

And she kissed him again and again. He told her that he had not finished, as he had something to say to the crowd. She kissed him again, and then left the scaffold, going into the jail yard.

Smith turned to the crowd, and as he raised his hand a pin could have been heard to fall, so quiet was the vast throng.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, and the words rolled from his lips as though he had been at that moment inspired with a new life, so clear and distinct, so free from the mountain twang and provincialisms. He continued:

"I am going to take my departure from this world of wickedness and corruption. I know not where I am going, but I trust I shall meet you all in that beautiful land where torment is unknown, and where there will never be any parting. The Lord has said, 'Confess and repent, and you shall be forgiven.' I have confessed that I have been a terrible sinner, and have repented. I have been forgiven for I feel the spirit of the Lord in me. I trust you will all take warning by me, and I want you to remember that Jesus still lives, and that you are forever under the watchful eyes of him that never sleeps. Read His word and ask His forgiveness as you want to be saved. I have forgiven everybody. I love everybody, my enemies and friends alike. I trust I will meet my dear old mother on that beautiful shore. She was so good and kind, and she loved me so much when I was a boy. If all you boys and girls take my advice you will love and obey your mothers. All of you who are going to take warning by me and pledge yourselves to a dying man that you will quit drinking whisky and going with bad women hold up your hands."

Five thousand hands were up in

an instant, and for a second Smith glanced out over the vast assemblage. His face bore a radiant smile, as he cried: "Beautiful! It reminds me of the beautiful scenes of heaven which I can see right now before my eyes. You must all pray for me now. Pray hard to God to have mercy on poor Tom Smith, the poor orphan boy, who had nobody to keep him in the straight path. I hope you will all meet me in heaven, where I expect to go. I know you all want to know what the reporter was writing just now. It was my confession. I told him about all the men I have killed. I'm dying just, I killed Dr. Rader. Katherine told me he was going to kill me, and said if I killed him, she would be responsible for it. The papers will tell you all about it. Good-by. Oh, good-by, everybody!"

He then turned to Revs. Kelly, Hudson and Dickey and asked them to sing "Guide Me O Great Jehovah." The song was started by the ministers and the crowd took it up. As he walked around the scaffold on the arm of Detective Drake Smith's clear voice, weak as he was, could be heard above the great volume of song.

The song completed, Smith was led on the trap, and, kneeling, he prayed loud and earnestly for fully ten minutes, during which time those of the crowd who could find sufficient space on the thickly covered ground, bent their knees also and silently joined the doomed man in his pleadings for mercy from his Redeemer. When he concluded his prayer, Smith asked that another song be sung, and the hymn, "Bear the Cross," was sung by the ministers. Smith again prayed for mercy, and as he arose from his knees he cried "Farewell young men; farewell young women. Remember me, for I have told the truth here this afternoon. Oh, God, lift up my soul to heaven."

"I am ready, but I would give the world for just two days more. I can't get them, I know, so I guess I'll meet the Lord."

Detective Drake and Sheriff Combs bound his hands and ankles tightly, while Jailor Centers gave him a drink of water. The black cap was placed over his head and the noose adjusted. The curtains were drawn about the scaffold, hiding the doomed man from view. As Sheriff Combs asked, "All ready?" Smith said, "Yes," and then in a voice so clear and loud that his pleading resounded in the hills a mile away he cried three times:

"Save me, O God, save me."

As the last word left Smith's lips Sheriff Combs cut the rope which held the trap, and the body of the first of the mountain desperadoes to be executed in Breathitt county shot into eternity. A drop of six feet, a shrug of the shoulders, a crack of the neck, and the body of "Bad Tom" Smith hung motionless in the darkness of the box beneath the scaffold. In 17 minutes Dr. Cox pronounced him dead, and the body of the bad man of the mountains was cut down, placed in a plain but neat coffin and given over to his friends.

Five minutes later the coffin was placed in a rough mountain wagon and started on the journey of 50 miles to Carr's Fork, on the Kentucky River, where the funeral will be held at the home of James Stacy, Sunday afternoon. More than 500 people in ox carts, wagons of all kinds, on mules and afoot made up the quaint procession which followed the corpse across the hills. People began to disperse immediately, and when the Lexington and Eastern excursion train, with more than 1,000 souls aboard, departed, the town, save by the natives, was practically deserted.

The remembrance of the good done those we have loved is the only consolation left us when we have lost them.